

# THE CASKET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE ARTS, NEWS, &C.

EDITED BY EMERSON BENNETT.

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## P O E T R Y.

FOR THE CASKET.

### REMEMBER YOU MUST DIE.

BY MRS. SOPHIA H. OLIVER.

When Joy's bright sun is shining  
Along the flowery way,  
And Pleasure wreaths is twining  
That bloom but to decay—  
When life's delicious morning  
Beams o'er the unclouded sky,  
Sad comes the mournful warning,  
"Remember you must die."

When clouds are lowering o'er us,  
And sorrow rends the breast,  
And all is gloom before us,  
No home whereon to rest—  
Welcome as dews of even  
Beneath a torrid sky,  
Whispers a voice from Heaven,  
"Remember you must die."

FOR THE CASKET.

## S O N G.

We must silence with words of cold reason  
The eloquent voice of the heart;  
For Love hath stayed out his brief season,  
And spread his young wing to depart!  
Though a while round our mem'ry he hovers,  
He may smilingly offer no more  
Fond words, the ambrosia of lovers,  
Nor the nectar of passion outpour.

Our last tearful farewell is spoken—  
Life's sweet morning vision hath flown;—  
Each vow, each glad promise is broken  
That twined our twin beings in one:  
And severed are love's golden fetters,  
And sympathy's silvery chain—  
SO PLEASE SIR, RETURN ME MY LETTERS,  
I MAY WISH TO USE THEM AGAIN.

S. J.

FOR THE CASKET.

## S T A N Z A S.

BY MARCUS MELVIN.

I love the Spring, the glad some Spring,  
When Hope and Joy together sing  
A sweet melodious song—  
When every teeming sound is rife,  
With that which to the inner life,  
And higher, doth belong.

When Earth her velvet carpet spreads,  
And beauteous flowers bedeck the meads,  
And streams o'er sparkling sand  
Roll laughing onward, as in glee  
They fain would tell us they are free  
From Winter's icy hand.

I love to hear the mellow notes  
Pour sweetly from a thousand throats,  
As tho' to hymn the praise  
Of the Divine Creator, they,  
Great Nature's teachings to obey,  
Would join their silvery lays.

I love to see the wood, the plain,  
The hill, the dale, revive again  
In all their wonted bloom—  
For like them, the immortal soul—  
When it has passed life's final goal—  
Shall bloom beyond the tomb.

## Original Tale.

HELLENA ASHTON.

BY EMERSON BENNETT, AUTHOR OF THE "UNKNOWN COUNTESS," "SECRET ROBBER," "LEAGUE OF THE MIAMI," ETC.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2D.)

"Proceed Mr. Granby," said Hellenia, as she re-seated herself; while a slight, almost imperceptible, smile of pride, or conscious dignity, seemed to hover around her mouth, "proceed, sir."

Lawrence, although he noticed this, yet knowing her, and the relative position in which they stood, gave no indication to that effect, but seating himself at a short distance, after some hesitation, thus began:—

"Seven years ago, Miss Ashton, I was but little better than a beggar. My father died when I was quite young, and, I scarcely need add, died in poverty and want. My mother struggled along with the world, and it is a hard world for the poor, Miss Ashton; she struggled along I say, ay, struggled hard, to provide herself and me with food. I was young, delicate in health and unable to render her the least assistance. Yet young as I was, I saw with painful regret her daily toil was wearing her away. I felt the silent tomb would soon be her place, her only place of rest. I saw, Miss Ashton, the only friend I had in the wide world toiling night and day, with barely strength to drag her feeble limbs about, with consumption, like a worm, feeding upon her wasted frame—and for what? for a bare sustenance—for food to keep us from starvation! Oh, God! how it rent my very soul to see this; and in my agony of thought I wished I had never been born; or, that, like my father, my body was mouldering in the dust. I saw the step of my mother grow feebler day by day; I saw the pale, hollow cheeks become paler and more hollow; I saw the dim, sunken eye grow more dim and sunken; I saw the tender, melancholy smile steal over her sweet, angel features, when I asked if she was ailing? She thought this would deceive me into the belief that she was well; the only deception her pure soul was ever guilty of. I saw this; it wrung my heart with anguish; I wept in solitude, tears, as 'twere, of blood. But why dwell?—I saw her die! The last, the only friend I had on earth, my mother, was dead. I stood over the corpse—I held her hand cold in death. I followed her to the grave, the only mourner. I saw her buried from my sight. I did not weep—I could not—but, God of Heaven! what did I not suffer? Life was a void—a blank—and in the bitterness of my soul I cursed it—cursed my own existence. There was a fire in my brain; I felt I must do something terrible, but what I knew not. I procured a knife—hid it in my dress—and wandered about the streets of this city. For two days I neither ate nor slept. On the morning of the third I passed this residence—it attracted my attention—I re-passed it. 'There,' thought I, 'is wealth, wealth unbounded; they were there luxuriating at their ease while my mother was dying without the necessary comforts of life—brought to a premature grave toiling that she might save me from starvation. Why,' thought I, 'is God thus partial? Why should some roll in ease, while others are starving? Why should not the rich suffer, as well as the poor? Why should not this be a house of mourning? A horrible thought seized me! a thought wild and terrible, as hell itself! My brain seemed one whirling pool of fire! Half unconsciously I unlocked the gate—I ascended the steps—I rang the bell—I drew my knife!—Oh! merciful heaven! and for what? Start not, Miss Ashton, when I tell you it was to MURDER! I cared not whom, so it wrapt this house in the sable weeds of mourning. Your father came to the door—he spoke to me in gentle, soothing tones. There was a heavenly look in his mild, serene countenance. There was pity and benevolence in his every expression. I gazed upon him earnestly. I felt my soul drawn to him. He seemed to me a ministering angel. The knife fell from my hand; my dark errand was forgotten. I sank upon my knees and wept; ay, Miss Ashton, wept tears of joy. Your father raised me—led me

into the house—by gentle persuasion drew from me my tale of suffering; and he, the kind-hearted—the kindest hearted of men—mingled his tears with mine."

Here the emotion of Lawrence became so powerful he was for some time unable to proceed—while Hellenia wept in silence. At length he again resumed:

"It was then, Miss Ashton, that I saw you for the first time. My feelings I shall never forget. A sudden thrill shot through my frame. I felt that I loved you."

"Mr. Granby," said Hellenia, with a start of surprise, the color mantling her face and temples.

"Nay, Miss Ashton, hear me out; I will not detain you long; perchance it is for the last time."

The flush on the cheeks of Hellenia suddenly retreated, and a pallor supplied the place, as Lawrence continued:—

"Yes, I felt that I loved you; that you were a beautiful being, far above me. I dared not even hope. In silence—in secret—did I watch you hour by hour; yet you knew it not. Then did I feel poverty in the extreme. Had I but wealth methought—the god which the world worships—I could approach you—I could then be your equal. But no—no—my destiny was cast in a different sphere. I knew it, I felt it, and I suffered with the agony of the thought."

"Time rolled on and my passion seemed to increase. I felt its flame was consuming me; and yet I secretly vowed to go down to my grave and bear the secret with me—Your father was everything to me, and only when in his society, or when watching you, did I feel a degree of happiness. What then were my feelings, think you, when on his dying bed—with his last breath—he bade me watch over you; ay, even spoke of a nearer tie! For a moment my brain was fired with the thought that you might one day be mine! Alas! I was deceived; I had no right to the hope that flashed upon me its alluring light. I have thought of this, I have pondered upon it, I have marked you well. I know you do not love me, and I must go; our destinies lie in different paths. Yet should you ever need my aid, it will be one of my happiest moments to render it you; though God forbid that you should ever come to want."

"Why do you talk thus, Lawrence—Mr. Granby?" asked Hellenia, in an agitated voice. "Why do you talk of leaving? Where will you go? Were you not my father's friend? and now that he is gone, will you leave what has been to you a home? I have money—command me—name your sum, and you shall be no longer poor."

"No! Miss Ashton, it cannot be. For your generous offer, I thank you. I have no claim, whatever, to the noble treatment I have already received in your father's house; and now that he is gone, all favors must cease. I will be plain with you: I am poor, but proud; and my pride forbids me to receive other compensation than what industry may award me."

"But Lawrence," said Hellenia, in a faltering voice, "perchance your pride has forbid you to see my feelings in their true light."

"What mean you, Miss Ashton?" enquired Lawrence, starting.

Hellenia remained silent.

"Have I then mistaken you?" continued he, with emotion, "have you other feelings toward me than those of friendship? But no! no! it cannot be—it is impossible; the thought is too bright to last; yet speak, Miss Ashton, that I may know the truth!"

"Lawrence," replied Hellenia, while a modest blush o'er-spread her features, "under the present circumstances, disguise would be a wrong. I will be frank with you. Until the death of my father, I confess, I never thought of you in other light than as an humble friend. His dying request was calculated to make on my mind a deep, a lasting impression. Since then, I have turned my thoughts to myself; I have scanned my own character more closely, and I have found that pride is, and has been, my ruling passion. I have thought much, as I said before, of my father's dying words. With regard to yourself, I could not determine what my feelings were

but your noble nature has won upon me, and I now have different feelings toward yourself than e'er before."

"Do I dream?" cried Lawrence, almost wildly—"is it possible, Hellena, that you can love me?"

"Wherefore not, Lawrence," replied she, with a modest blush.

"O, Hellena, my soul is full. Joy tingles in my very veins. The greatest boon I could have asked, is mine. But I will be worthy of you; I will go forth; my energies shall be trebled; I will win a name you shall be proud of."

"How Lawrence! must you go? I thought—I thought"—Hellena paused.

"Yes, Hellena, I must go. It shall not be said I sought your hand for gold, I will make myself your equal, and then I will return to claim you as my own. Let us make a vow, a solemn vow, in the sight of Heaven, that we will, henceforth, be true to each other."

For a few minutes Hellena made no answer; she seemed struggling with herself—her features flushed, and paled, alternately. At length she faltered out, with tearful eyes—

"Be it so."

"Here, then, is a ring," returned Lawrence, taking one from his finger, and approaching her—"it was my mother's wedding-ring; it is a sacred relic of the dead; but it can never be used in a cause more sacred than the present; take it—place it upon your finger; I will receive a like token from yourself."

Hellena—in silence—with throbbing heart and trembling hands, removed one from her own beautiful finger—handed it to Lawrence—and then placed the other thereon.

"And now," continued Lawrence, solemnly—taking the hand of Hellena—"in the presence of Almighty God! in the sight of holy angels, and spirits of the departed, do we sacredly pledge ourselves to be true to each other, until death shall call us hence! Do you concede to the vow?"

Hellena bowed.

"Then let this seal the bond of love;" and Lawrence Granby pressed his lips for the first time, to those of Hellena Ashton; while the light, in a mellow flood, poured gently over her lovely, blushing countenance, and seemed to shed a more hallowed beauty on all around. And here let us close and turn to another scene.

On the following morning Lawrence Granby took his departure for the city of Philadelphia.

### CHAPTER III.

"Whate'er is sown, is reapt in like proceeds—  
When villains meet, beware of evil deeds."

It was on a dark rainy night, about a month from the foregoing events, and in the rear room of a building, standing on Main street, were seated two individuals.

The room was of good size, and contained as furniture, several cases filled with books, mostly pertaining to the profession of law. In the centre stood a large deal table, whereon were a few volumes, manuscripts, &c., and around which were standing several chairs—two of them being occupied by the persons in question, one of whom was a man some forty-five, or fifty years of age; the other a personage some twenty years younger.

The former was an individual of very unprepossessing appearance. In stature he was small and meagre; his frame a little bent, or crooked, in a manner that gave to him a dwarfish look, almost hideous—which was not lessened by his features, wherein was scarcely one redeeming trait. His face was thin and sharp, with a sharp pointed nose, and eyes small, black, and deep set, which seemed to concentrate, and penetrate, with a villainous cunning, without expressing one single thought of their owner. His forehead was low, and sloped suddenly back, and was covered with rather dark hair, somewhat matted. His mouth was small, rather puckered, with thin lips—closed over a decaying set of teeth. Altogether his whole expression was of a very sinister cast. He was seated by the table, one elbow resting thereon, and his chin upon his hand—gazing steadily at the other, who was also seated some five feet distant—and who had, apparently, just entered, as his habiliments—which by the way were of the most elegant, and costly description—were somewhat moist from the rain, while an umbrella, standing at a little distance, was still dripping with water.

The features and form of the latter individual were in striking contrast with the former. His figure was tall, and well shaped, rather handsome, and was joined to a head of moderate size. His features in shape were comely, but in expression there was something back, seemingly, of a nature to destroy confidence—and yet so blended with the whole, that had a person asked you what you disliked, it would have been

almost impossible for you to have pointed it out. His face was rather round, full, and fair, with large gray eyes—the expression of which often varied. His mouth would have been decidedly handsome, but for a certain effect it conveyed of something not very flattering to his moral character. His forehead and chin were good; the former surmounted by dark brown curly hair. As before said, he was richly dressed, and evidently had but just entered.

Without the rain was pouring down in torrents, while the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared peal on peal, with almost deafening clamor, which, for some moments, prevented the latter from speaking so as to be understood by the other.

"I suppose I have the honor of addressing Mr. Sharkly—Ethan Sharkly," said he, at length, when he found that his voice could be heard.

"That is my name," replied the other, briefly, fastening his keen black eye upon him, as though he would divine his very thoughts.

"Mine," continued the first speaker, "is Horace Roland; perhaps you may have heard of the name before?"

"Very likely—can't say," returned Sharkly, with a look which seemed to say, "what of it?"

"I have called to see you on particular business."

"Well, sir," returned Sharkly, "the sooner I know it, the sooner we shall be talking it over."

The abruptness of Sharkly's remarks seemed to puzzle the other, and he hesitated sometime when on the point of speaking, as though he felt doubtful how to proceed. At length he resumed.

"Did you know the wealthy Mr. Ashton, late deceased?"

"David Ashton?"

"The same."

"I did."

"And his lawyer?"

"I did."

"I understand he is dead."

"He died suddenly last week."

"From what cause, may I ask?"

"The physicians say, dropsy on the brain."

"Mr. Ashton left a daughter, an only daughter, am I right?"

"You are."

"Her first name is Hellena?"

"Yes."

"She is sole heir to his vast possessions?"

"She is."

"I understand you are her lawyer, and have the management of her affairs?"

"Every word true."

"She holds her possessions by reason of a will?"

"She does."

"The will was made of late?"

"It was."

"Did you ever hear of a previous will?"

"I might have heard of one."

"Is such a will now in existence?"

"You ask a very singular question," returned Sharkly, eyeing Roland very closely. "You must know, sir, I am a lawyer."

"If you mean by that," said Roland, "you wish pay for your information, speak out—I will settle the bill."

"Would you insinuate, sir, that bribery could induce me to injure, by any word or information of mine, the interests of my—"

"I would insinuate nothing, sir," interrupted Roland, with a half contemptuous look. "I would only say, that I took you for a lawyer, and a man of the world, who would look to nobody's interest so much as to your own."

"Sir, Mr. Roland, let me tell you such language is insolent, unbearable, unbecoming of a gentleman."

"If you think so, Mr. Sharkly, suppose you take the satisfaction of a gentleman," said Roland, coolly, drawing a brace of pistols from his pocket, and fastening his large gray eyes full and steadily upon the other, while his lips closed tightly over his teeth with a firmness of determination, that was not to be mistaken.

"I—I am no fighting character," stammered Sharkly, turning pale, and trembling with very fear.

"Well, I am!" thundered Roland, who perceiving the advantage he was gaining over the other, determined to follow it up—"I am, Ethan Sharkly"—continued he, striking the table with his clenched fist—"no man tells me I have acted unbecomingly of a gentleman, but what must eat his own words, or fight! Now, sir, take your choice, and be quick; they are both loaded;" and he reached the pistols toward Sharkly, whose teeth were chattering with fear.

"I—I take it all back, every word of it;" stammered the other; "you—you didn't say a word out of the way; it was all my fault, in so construing it; it was indeed, Mr. Roland; I believe you are a gentleman, sir."

"That is what I profess to be," returned Roland, with a peculiar smile, as he replaced his pistols; "and now, as we understand each other a little better, suppose we to business again."

"Ah! yes—you were saying"—

"Or, rather," interrupted Roland, "I was trying to get you to say, whether, or no, the will of the late Mr. Ashton, made previous to his last one, is still in existence."

"Why, between you and me, Mr. Roland"—said Sharkly, looking around with the air of one who is about to divulge some very important secret—"I—I suppose it is."

"That means, of course, that you know it is."

"I—I didn't say so," stammered the lawyer.

"But you meant so, Mr. Sharkly—which, to me, is the same thing. Now, sir, I will be plain with you; I know all about it. That will was made in favor of a distant relative of the late Mr. Ashton—one by the name of Garrick Herland—to whom, and his heirs, Mr. Ashton, bequeathed all his property. That will must be put in my possession, and the one in favor of Hellena, destroyed."

"But, sir, her will has been recorded!"

"Then the records must be destroyed!"

"But—but sir, consider the law!"

"Hang the law! what is that to me or you? I again repeat, that will, and the records, MUST be destroyed. You must find some means by which to have it done."

"But—but consider the risk I would have to run"—said Sharkly, turning pale, at the thought.

"O, the risks are not much; I will pay you for them. Ten thousand dollars will cover all risks, and ease your conscience, besides."

Sharkly's eyes brightened. "Will you give me ten thousand dollars?" said he, while an anxious look spread over his countenance.

"I will; ay, more, if your part is well performed the amount shall be trebled; and, as an earnest of what I say, here is a check, on one of your city banks, for half of the first named sum." As he spoke, Roland took out of his pocket-book a paper, and reached it to Sharkly, who eagerly grasped, and ran his eyes over it, with the look of one who is almost fearful of detecting a forgery.

"Ten thousand dollars"—he muttered, half aloud—"and good money, too—with a fair prospect of twenty-five thousand more. I don't think the risks are much, very much, I don't indeed; and then, too, if I should get caught, it is very easy to buy myself off—very easy—certainly; I have known numbers do it—get packed jury's, too; the easiest thing in the world, if a man only understands managing his business: I have a great notion to risk it; I will. Yes," continued he, addressing Roland, "I have thought the matter over, and I shall accept your offer."

"Of course; I knew you would, Mr. Sharkly. Why there is not the bare possibility of your making money half so fast any other way—and you are one of that peculiar class, who would make it, if by no other means than selling your own flesh and blood into slavery."

"You are very funny, at my expense," said Sharkly, with a sickly grin.

"Yes, and I have a right to be," returned Roland, ironically—"I have paid for it. But now to the point. I must tell you a little of the person with whom you have to deal—so there may be no boy's play in the matter. I am a desperate man, Mr. Sharkly; a man who cannot be trifled with. You have accepted my proposition—you have taken of my money as a seal to the bond; and now you MUST fulfil your part of the contract; there is no escape—for if you fail me, by the eternal gods! I swear, to send you to your last account!"

"Why, you—you wouldn't murder me, Mr. Roland?" stammered Sharkly, trembling from head to foot.

"Murder you! ay, as I would a dog!"

"Then—then please take back your money, sir; I had rather not undertake it," said Sharkly, reaching the check toward Roland.

"No!" replied the latter, "you have accepted the terms, you must, and shall abide by them. I have not time nor inclination for farther talk to-night. I leave you a month for operations—at the end of which time, precisely, I shall be here; and for your own good, I pray you then be ready for me."

(TO BE CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



## FOR THE CASKET.

## WAR WITH ENGLAND.

BY L. A. HINE.

A war between England and America would be the most direful catastrophe that could befall humanity. These nations stand at the head of all, in true greatness and onward progress. For thirty years they have pursued the arts of peace in harmony, and have stood shoulder to shoulder in the glorious battle of truth against error, right against wrong. Each has reflected upon the other the light of her genius, the radiance of her virtue, the warmth of her sympathy, and the ardor of her enthusiasm in the advancement of human happiness. — Hand in hand their men of science have searched the arena of Nature, and mutually rejoiced in their acquisitions to the store-house of elevating knowledge. Their philanthropists have in the most brotherly manner, assisted each other in the laudable enterprise of relieving the sufferings of their fellows, furnishing food and raiment to the poor, and providing the means of education for the mass. Their poets have echoed across the rolling deep the melodies of their songs and the beatings of their Nation's hearts. Their merchants have spread the canvass to the breeze, and sharing in quietude the winds and the waters, have unfurled their national standards in every cape, bay, and harbor of the earth, and all people have long regarded them as two elder brothers. Indeed, England and America are united by every tie that can bind together on earth. Not only does the prosperity of their people, and the very bread of many of their poor, depend upon the vigor of a peaceful commerce, but they are connected by the strongest ties of consanguinity. Parents and children, brothers and sisters, friends and neighbors have bid each other an affectionate farewell, and separated themselves by the ocean-billows. The people of both nations speak the same language, think the same thoughts and feel the same emotions. Occupying the highest position in the great empire of humanity, their destiny is to impress their spirit upon the world, and lead in the brilliant enterprise of human enlightenment and regeneration.

Hence, not only the best interests of Britain and the Americans, but of all mankind, demand the perpetuity of peace and harmony between these leading nations. Who can tolerate, for a moment, the thought that they will precipitate themselves into a war? that, forsaking the arts of peace and the glories of conquest over wrong and error, they will bring out their engines of death and become the murderers of each other? Who dare say that the most civilized people of the nineteenth century shall transform themselves into savages and barbarians—yea, worse—for, considering the light of this age, and the progress to Christian morality, no act can be pointed out in all the records of the past, half so terrible, or half so destructive, as would be a war between England and America. The burning of the Alexandrian library was a virtue, and the persecutions of the middle ages were the sublime of benevolence, when contrasted with such an act as we are considering. Alexander, Hannibal and Caesar, were Saints compared with those who would be the means of bringing about this monstrous collision.

What! can the philanthropists of the two countries make themselves hypocrites and liars?—can they become the murderers of those whom they have fed with a brother's hand, and whose sorrows they have soothed with the music of sympathy? Can their poets deny the strains they have sung, bid the muse return to Heaven, demolish her temple and change their notes to the peans of bloody victory and the praises of desperate bandits? Can their scientific men tear themselves asunder and apply all their skill to facilitate their mutual butchery? Shall their merchants bring home from every port and bay their peaceful standards, and resign the winds and the waves to the use of desperate cruisers, scouring the seas with their death-dealing engines?

What would be the consequence of such a war? It would determine no truth, vindicate no right, nor work a single benefit. It would destroy thousands of human beings, and bankrupt millions. Let the victory be where it may, and the power of evil, which mankind have been battling for ages, will gain the ascendancy—the baser passions of the people will be aroused like the lion from his slumber, and we may safely calculate, as the legitimate effect of such a war, upon the private murder of thousands more. Such a shock would convulse humanity, and not only stop her onward progress, but actually turn back the tide of civilization for more than half a century! Who will take the responsibility of this dreadful sacrifice?

There is no need of war. Right and wrong are distinctly marked, and honest men cannot mistake them in this controversy. Two able men can settle all difficulties, and before

these nations declare war they should send their commissioners to some uninhabited island, and keep them there on bread and water until the whole matter is adjusted.

There will not be war. Demagogues and designing men may bring these nations to the horrible precipice, but they will tremble as they gaze into the yawning chasm, and start back with fear. When the extremity comes men will appear for the occasion and avert the calamity.

## ANECDOTE OF POPE.

One day as Pope was engaged in translating the *Iliad*, he came to a passage which neither he, nor his assistant, could interpret. A stranger who stood by in his humble garb, very modestly suggested that he had some little acquaintance with Greek, perhaps he could assist them. "Try it," said Pope with the air of a boy who is encouraging a monkey to eat a red pepper. "There is an error in the print," said the stranger, looking at the text. "Read as if there were no interrogation point at the end of the line, and you have the meaning at once." Mr. Pope's assistant improved upon the hint and rendered the passage without difficulty. Mr. Pope was chagrined, he could never endure to be surpassed in any thing. Turning to the stranger he said in a sarcastic tone, "Will you please to tell me what an interrogation is?" "Why sir," said the stranger, scanning the ill-shaped poet, "it is a little, crooked, contemptible thing that asks questions."

## MARSHALL NEY'S FATHER.

The following is a most touching incident connected with the fate of the 'bravest of the brave,' Marshal Ney, who was inhumanly shot as a traitor; Ney's father, who loved him tenderly as the son of his pride and the glory of his name, was never told of his ignominious death. He was at that time 82 years of age, and lived to be 100 years old. He saw the mourning weeds of his family, and his father's heart told him too well where the bolt had struck; but he made no enquiries, and though he lived twelve years after, never mentioned his son's name, and was never told of his fate.

## MIND AGAINST MATTER.

How much sooner we may value external accomplishments, yet if we contrast them with the ornaments of the mind, they will dwindle, comparatively, into nothing. Although persons may possess everything which constitutes a fine figure, yet if destitute of internal excellence, they will cease to charm; and those who at first sight we were ready to pronounce beautiful, will become detestable. On the other hand, those who have no personal attractions to recommend them, if possessed of virtuous minds, benevolent hearts, and amiable dispositions, joined with pleasing manners, will soon be admired, notwithstanding their outward appearance, and we shall respect what we before disliked.

Personal beauties are of short continuance. How soon does the rosy cheek turn pale, and the fairest form become disfigured. Soon all will be consigned to the silent tomb; and then what will it avail us whether our persons are beautiful or not? They who have nothing but personal beauty to recommend them, are destitute of any real excellence; but those who possess virtuous minds, are possessed of everything truly desirable. Virtue spreads a sort of heavenly glory over the finest feature; and what is still more, it is a flower that will not wither by time, but will open richer beauties and flourish even in the decline of life, and continue to brighten to all eternity. Who then would not prefer the substantial "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit" to the transient decoration of external beauty.

## AN EXTRACT.

"Away among the Alleghanies, there is a spring, so small, that a single ox in a summer's day can drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out to the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its bank, more than a hundred villages and cities and many thousand cultivated farms; and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Thence joining the Mississippi, it stretches away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the tributaries of that ocean, which obedient only to God, shall roll and roar, till the angel with one foot on the sea, and the other on the land, shall lift up his head to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rill—a rivulet—a river—an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity."—Rev. J. SPAULDING.

## THE HEIRESS.

A sprightly, rosy cheeked, flaxen-haired, little girl used to sit, on the pleasant evenings of June, on the marble steps opposite my lodgings, when I lived in Philadelphia, and sing over a hundred little sonnets, and tell over as many tales, in a sweet voice, and with an air of delightful simplicity, that charmed me many a time. She was then an orphan child, and commonly reported to be rich. Often, and often, I sat, after a day of toil and vexation, and listened to her innocent voice, breathing forth the notes of peace and happiness, which flowed cheerfully from a light heart, and felt a portion of that tranquility steal over me. Such was Eliza Huntley, when I first knew her.

Several years had elapsed, during which time I was absent from the city, when, walking along one of the most fashionable squares, I saw an elegant female figure step into a carriage followed by a gentleman and two pretty children. I did not immediately recognize her face, but my friend, who was by my side, pulled my elbow, and said, "do you not remember little Eliza, who used to sing for us, when we lived together in Walnut street?" I did remember—it was herself.

"She used to be fond," said he, "of treating her little circle of friends with romance—and at last she acted out a real romance herself. She came out into the gay circle of life, under the auspices of her guardian. It was said by some she was rich, very rich, but the amount of her wealth did not appear to be a matter of publicity; however, the current, as we generally believed, well founded report, was sufficient to draw around her many admirers—and among the number, not a few serious courtiers.

"She did not wait long before a young gentleman, on whom she had looked with a somewhat partial eye, because he was the gayest and handsomest of her lovers, emboldened by her partiality, made her an offer. Probably she blushed, and her heart fluttered a little, but they were sitting in a moonlight parlor, and as her embarrassment was more than half concealed, she soon recovered, and as a waggish humor happened to have the ascendancy, she put on a serious face, told him she was honored by his preference, but there was one matter which should be understood before, by giving him a reply, she bound him to his promise.

"Perhaps you may think me wealthy; I would not for the world have you labor under a mistake on that point. I am worth eighteen hundred dollars." She was proceeding, but the gentleman started as if electrified:

"Eighteen hundred dollars!" he uttered in a manner that betrayed the utmost surprise; "Yes ma'am—am," said he, awkwardly, "I did understand you were worth a great deal more,—but—"

"No, sir," she replied, "no excuse or apology; think about what I have told you; you are embarrassed now; answer me another time;" and rising, she bade him good night.

She just escaped a trap; he went next day to her guardian to enquire more particularly into her affairs, and receiving the same answer, he dropped his suit at once.

The next serious proposal followed soon after; and this, too, came from one who succeeded to a large portion of her esteem, but applying the same crucible to the love he offered her, she found a like result. He, too, left her, and she rejoiced in another fortunate escape.

She sometime after became acquainted with a young gentleman of slender fortune, in whose approaches she thought she discovered more of the timid diffidence of love than she had witnessed before. She did not check his hopes, and in process of time he, too, made her an offer. But when she spoke of her fortune, he begged her to be silent:

"It is to virtue, worth and beauty," said he, "that I pay my court, not to fortune. In you I shall obtain what is worth more than gold."

She was most agreeably disappointed. They were married, the union was solemnized and she made him master of her fortune with herself.

"I am indeed worth eighteen hundred dollars," said she to him, "but I never said how much more; and I hope never to enjoy more pleasure than I feel this moment, when I tell you that my fortune is one hundred and eighty thousand."

It is actually so, but still her husband often tells her that in her he possesses a far nobler fortune.

A yankee captain once sung out in a squall, to a raw hand newly shipped on board his craft—

"Let go that jib there! Darn your skin, let go that jib!"

"I ain't a TOUCHIN' it!" squalled out the simple down Easter, in return.



## Random Sketches,

FOR THE CASKET.

## THE VETERAN SOLDIER.

BY GUY LANGLEY.

How a trifling circumstance is sometimes pregnant with events of great importance may be seen from the following:

Some several years since, while on a tour of business through the eastern portion of the state of New York, it so chanced that I was belated in reaching my destination—a village on the Hudson—and night overtaking me some ten miles distant, dismal and rainy at that, my horse being much fatigued as well as myself, I resolved on laying over at the first inn chance should throw in my way.

Now Chance may be a good director, in general; but certainly he did not display an overstock of taste in the tavern he selected for me on the present occasion—for after riding on an hour or so through a drizzly rain, during which time, by sundry kicks and thumps bestowed on old Dobbin, I had actually, for the nonce, impressed him with the idea that it would not incommode me in the least for him to travel a little faster. I at last arrived before a dirty, squalid looking house, whose ragged sign, as it occasionally swung to and fro, seemed to grind out the notes of poverty—while a faint light, struggling through a window, boasting of rags and old hats, seemed to me forcible illustrations of the tune.

For some moments I gazed upon it, undecided whether to stop or go on; but a wet back, and an empty stomach (powerful reasoners,) at last gave the balance in favor of the former, and, clearing my throat, I raised a lusty halloo, and the landlord at the same time, who, partly opening the door, protruded an ugly, dirty, Dutch phiz, and in a voice that would never have been mistaken for a Siren's, even in the palmiest days of ignorance, enquired:

"Vat ter tyfel tush ye vant?"

"Is not this a public house?"

"Vell, vot for it pe?"

"Why, then I wish to stop with you for the night."

"Yaw, very coot, put it pe full."

"But I must stop, nevertheless," returned I, for I had determined on not riding any farther.

"Vells, you can sthoph. Here, Haunce," continued he, addressing some person within, "fetz te shentlemen's horse to te staple and gives him to von becks of oats."

Leaving Haunce to "fetch the horse," I dismounted, and entered a small, low, dirty apartment, reeking with the fumes of tobacco smoke, which proceeded from some ten or twelve black looking pipes, placed in as many dirty, brown visages—the owners of whom were crowded around a large fire—the only comfortable looking thing about the premises—their wet clothing denoting their late arrival from without, and sending forth steam enough to propel a decent sized boat.

All this was very interesting, especially as they all turned to greet me with a rustic stare, anything but agreeable, as it bespoke both their ignorance and impudence—while they drew their pipes from their mouths, and slowly puffed out the smoke, which, as it lazily rolled forth in cloud-like masses, reminded me of a discharge of artillery as we see it depicted in the primer books.

Mine host presenting me with a poor apology for a chair, I soon seated me thereon, near the fire—ordered supper—and prepared myself to take a review of my neighbors—who, by this time, had drawn off their eyes a little, and had commenced jabbering in Dutch—the matter of which was about as intelligible to me, as it would have been to a Comanche Indian.

Among the faces of the group I saw but one that expressed any decided mark of intelligence. This was an elderly man, who was sitting somewhat apart from the others, and who seemed to be wrapt up in his thoughts; for, apparently, he paid no heed to what was going forward.

There was something about him that at once interested me, and I felt a desire to know his history. That he was poor, was evident; for his habiliments, never the best, were worn thread bare, and in many places were roughly patched.

His age I judged to be in the neighborhood of fifty—though his care-worn look, and wrinkled, sunken features, might have easily added ten years. His skin was dark, and bronzed from exposure to the weather. His eyes were black, and had once been bright, even fiery, and although now much dimmed in their lustre, I could perceive they had not lost all of their former expression. They were small, rather deep set in his head, apparently more so from the projection of a forehead high, and massive—full of thought—and the overhanging of

heavy brows. His hair was black, and matted, uncombed—and very long. His features were generally good; exhibiting much austerity of manner, though connected with a benevolent, kindly heart. His nose was rather of the Roman order, with high, or at least prominent cheek bones, covered by a dark, sallow skin.

For some moments I watched him very closely, and I could perceive by certain contractions of the brow—quiverings of the lip—and a vacant stare in his eye, that his mind was seriously occupied by some conflicting thoughts. At length his eye met mine; at first with a haughty flash, as though he thought me staring at him merely for a past-time—but when he saw my earnest look, his eye softened to a milder expression, and he inclined his head toward me in a graceful bow—the which I was not long in answering, by a similar one.

At this moment the host tapped me on the shoulder and said—

"Shupper is all pe ready."

"Will you not accompany me?" said I to the stranger, rising from my seat.

His eyes lighted up at once, and a smile of deep meaning played around his mouth, as he replied in a foreign accent,

"I will, sir; God bless you! I am very hungry."

The look—the tone of voice in which he spoke—went at once to my heart, and the tears almost started to my eyes.—Turning to mine host I ordered him to prepare the board for two, which was accordingly done; and in a very short space of time we were seated at a table, well loaded with viands, &c., and though sour kroust did occupy a very prominent place, I felt it had a right to do so, from the fact that for many centuries it has been allowed that privilege by the ancestors of our worthy host.

"You are of foreign birth, are you not?" enquired I of my aged companion, after we had partly satisfied our appetites.

"I am, sir, a Frenchman," replied he, as I thought, rather sorrowfully.

"How long have you been in this country?"

"Some five years, sir."

"May I be allowed to know your occupation?"

"At present I have none. My occupation has been one of blood."

"How, sir?" exclaimed I, starting in surprise.

"A soldier, sir, if you like the term better."

"Ah! I understand. You served under——"

"The greatest General that ever lived—Napoleon Buonaparte!" interrupted he with a proud look, and flashing eye.—Then suddenly starting, he passed his hand across his eyes—his features changed to a look of sadness—and I could see the tears forcing their way adown his furrowed cheeks.

"Excuse me," said he, in a broken voice—I cannot help it. I cannot think of that man, and his final destiny, without weeping. It is foolish I know; but sir, I cannot help it. My younger days crowd back upon me with an overwhelming force, and I sometimes forget that I am a poor heart-broken old man. Well, well, it will soon be over. I shall soon be shrouded in my last, long home. I care not how soon, for life has become a burden, and death will be a happy boon. I have lived, sir, long enough to see all my brightest dreams perish; long enough to see my friends confined; long enough to feel the misery and ingratitude of the world, and now all I ask is to lie down and die."

"But you should not despair," said I, "there may be brighter days in store."

"Despair!" repeated he, fixing his eye steadily upon mine—"despair! look at me, sir, I am an old man; I am tottering on the brink of eternity; how can I hope for brighter days. No, sir, no! no! it cannot be; all—all are gone—gone forever!"

"Will you not favor me with a history of your eventful career?"

"It would be a strange, wild tale, sir; a tale of carnage, suffering, and wrong. I could not repeat it; and yet you shall have it, sir, upon condition of your promising, solemnly, you will never reveal it while I am living."

"You have my solemn promise to that effect, returned I."

"Here is a package," continued he—drawing an old file of papers from his breast;—"it contains a journal of my life, my thoughts, reflections, and also many incidents in the career of others, with whom it has been my fortune to associate; and which, probably, have never been given to the world. If they will be of any service to you, you can have them, for you are the only one who has, for a long time, expressed an interest in my fate."

"I thank you, sincerely thank you," replied I, taking the papers; at the same time putting my hand into my pocket, I

drew forth an American Eagle. "Here is a trifle," I continued, reaching it toward him, "it is not much, but it may, perhaps, be the means of assisting you until something more fortunate turns up."

"How, sir!" said he, starting to his feet, while his face crimsoned with an angry flush—"am I, a beggar, sir, to receive a charity? I, Count——ha! what am I saying? I—I beg your pardon, sir—I was thinking of years ago; I had forgotten what I am."

"I did not wish to injure your feelings," said I, "it was from the best of motives I offered you money."

"I—I know it, sir—I know it!" exclaimed he, grasping my hand, while the tears started to his eyes. "I know it, sir, I was wrong, very wrong; I am a weak, infirm old man; God bless you, sir, for your humane design!"

Tendering him the money again, he took it, pressed it to his lips, and then carefully deposited it in some part of his habiliments.

After some farther conversation with him, during which he related many incidents concerning his life, we parted for the night. The following day being pleasant, I resumed my journey. The parting, between myself and the old man, was more like that of friends, than strangers. After shaking my hand for some moments, he seemed very much agitated, and it was with difficulty he could gasp forth the parting words—"God bless you!" They were the last words I ever heard him utter, and they sunk deep into my heart, never to be forgotten.

Upon examination of the papers, I found they were almost invaluable; containing, as they did, so many important incidents in the wild, and bloody career, of the professional soldier, in the wars of Napoleon. As the old soldier is since dead, these papers I shall lay before the world; not so much in a narrative form, as in single sketches. The name of my aged acquaintance I shall alter, as it was his urgent request that I should do so, should I ever attempt to make use of them. They will appear under the head of "Leaves from a Soldier's life."

I have given this, merely as an introductory sketch, and to show how the facts came into my possession, which I shall detail hereafter.

Who can read the following most exquisite poem, and deny to its author the possession of that true poetry, which gushes up from the pure fount of nature, and rolls onward to immortality?

## THE RAINBOW.

BY AMELIA.

The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,  
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,  
While a single white cloud to its haven of rest,  
On the white wing of peace floated off in the west.  
As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze  
That scattered the rain-drops and sprinkled the seas,  
Far up in the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled  
Its soft tinted pinions of purple and gold.  
'Twas born in a moment, yet quick as its birth  
It stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth;  
And fair as an angel, it floated as free,  
With a wing on the earth, and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean, how gentle its swell,  
Like a woman's soft bosom, it rose and it fell,  
While its light, sparkling waves stealing laughingly o'er,  
When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down on the shore.  
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,  
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,  
And bent my young head in devotion and love,  
'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!  
How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings!  
If I looked on the sky 'twas suspended in air,  
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there:  
Thus forming a girdle as brilliant and whole,  
As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul;  
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled,  
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives  
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves;  
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose,  
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose—  
And thus when the rainbow had passed from the sky  
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;  
It left my full soul like the wing of a dove,  
All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.



## Editor's Department.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, APRIL 22, 1846.

EMERSON BENNETT, EDITOR.

AS THE EDITOR OF THIS PAPER RESIDES IN LAWRENCEBURGH, INDIANA, ALL LETTERS OF BUSINESS, COMMUNICATIONS, &c. (POST PAID) MUST BE DIRECTED TO HIM AT THAT PLACE.

## POETRY.

How often do we hear the question asked "what is poetry?" and as often the answer, "I cannot define it." It is, in fact, that almost indefinable something, of the higher, ethereal order, which pervades all nature—the essence, and quintessence of existence.

Many have supposed that poetry is thought, expressed in rhythm. This may be the truth, but not the whole truth—for there is a certain amount of poetry in everything beautiful. Creation itself, is a poem, wherein we read, in glowing language, of its first great Architect and Creator. Every thing in existence—animate or inanimate—governed by Order, hath a greater or less degree of poetry in its composition.

Nature hath a voice—a voice of harmonious music, and that voice is poetry, and it speaks directly to the soul, and awakes it to that holier life—that longing after the unseen—that far reaching for the beautiful and true—that yearning after immortality—which, rightly improved, makes mankind better, wiser, and happier.

Are there any who deny this? To them we say, go watch the stars when the solemn shades of midnight rest upon the earth—behold the immeasurable fields of space lighted by those sparkling worlds; study, ponder upon them—ask yourself whether they are not inhabited by beings like ourselves; mark how they roll in grand sublimity upon their eternal rounds, guided and directed, ages upon ages, by an unerring hand; think of HIM who made, and set these countless orbs in motion; who, by a single breath, can crush them into nothingness—think, reflect, and do you not feel your heart warm—your cheeks glow with feelings pressing for utterance? This is the poetry of your nature, awakened by, and united with, the sympathetic poetry of the stars.

Go out among the dews of a golden morning—mount some eminence, and gaze upon the beautiful flush, Aurora, with her unseen sylph-like fingers, paints upon the brow of day—mark the beautiful change from darkness to light, and see the sparkling of the pearly dew on blade and flower—feel the soft breeze gently kiss your cheek, and hear the song of sighing forests, singing birds, and rippling streams—and do you not feel the impress upon your heart? do you not feel your soul gushing with joy too deep for words? do you not feel lifted up to a holier state of being? This is the poetry of Nature, of Nature's Morn, acting upon the inner life of your existence.

Again, when the gates of day are being closed; when earth's great luminary, the sun,

"Goes softly out in the red west,"

still lingering to kiss the mountain tops, and tinge some fleecy cloud—when every sound seems sinking to a quiet, holy rest—do you not feel the same deep calmness resting upon your spirit? This is the poetry of Evening.

Go stand, and gaze upon the howling tempest! See the forked lightnings flash around you—hear the booming thunder roaring through the air, shaking the very earth beneath your feet—see Nature in her dire commotion, as 'twere warring with herself—mark the destruction spreading all around you—and does it not awake in you a solemn awe—a sublimity of thought? This is the wild poetry of the Storm.

Each thing, then, capable of arousing the higher, nobler feelings of our nature, contains that essence of existence, poetry; which, by a train of sympathy, connects itself with that which in us is immortal; and we feel it in a greater or less degree, according as the Author of all being has for us designed.

## OUR PAPER.

We feel truly grateful to the public, in general, and to the citizens of Lawrenceburgh and vicinity, in particular, for their promptness in adding their names to our "subscription list," and thereby rendering us that assistance, without which, we must inevitably fail. We were prepared to see the West come forward, in a measure, to our support—but we must confess the good feeling expressed toward us, in the way of subscription, has far exceeded our most sanguine expectations.

Again we must return our thanks, and, while we do so, we will state, that all that our humble capacities can accomplish, toward making our paper an interesting one, and worthy of patronage, shall be done. We have already effected arrangements with some of the best writers of the day, for contributions to our paper, and we trust in a few weeks to be able to give original matter, unexcelled by any literary paper in the West, or East.

The contents of our paper this week, will, we trust, meet with the approbation of all.

On our first page we give several pieces of original poetry, one of which is from the pen of that gifted writer, MRS. SOPHIA H. OLIVER, with whom—we take great pleasure in stating—arrangements have been effected for a series of contributions. We give another from her next week.

S. J. has our thanks for her "Song;" we hope she will sing for us, often.

The author of "Stanzas" will please accept our thanks, also.

We would call attention to the article entitled "War with England," by L. A. HINE, Esq. It is ably written, and deserves to be read, re-read, and treasured in the hearts of all lovers of peace, and of their country.

On our twelfth page, will be found a sketch from the pen of GUY LANGLEY; being the first of a series we have received from this gentleman, and which will appear in our columns from time to time.

Besides the above, as will be seen, we give a large amount of original and selected matter, news, &c.

## KEENNESS OF EDITORS.

How wonderfully SMART some people are, when they KNOW themselves to be FUNNY. Hear the Cincinnati Chronicle:—

"The leading article in Mr. Green's new Hoosier paper will probably be on the 'Naughtiness of Gambling.'"

Will it, Mr. Chronicle? Why, who COULD have told you so? Did all that proceed from ONE editor's brain—or did it require the combined cogitations of editor and ASSISTANT? It so happens, by the way, that "Mr. Green's new Hoosier paper" is published in Cincinnati! When did Ohio become a Hoosier state, Mr. Chronicle?

Here is another, we believe from the "Courier" of Louisville:

"Green, a man of the most supreme ignorance—a man who can't write a line of intelligible English, is about to start a LITERARY paper! He has impudence enough for anything."

"SUPREME IGNORANCE!" Well, we give it up, Mr. Courier—you can take our hat on that! We never knew before, that ignorance had become elevated to that high standard of intellectual dignity requisite to make it SUPREME! It reminds us, very forcibly, of an anecdote we once heard told of a "Sucker," who had been shaking his sides very heartily some three months, by reason of the ague. On being asked, by a friend, how he felt, he replied that he felt "a dreadful little better," but that he "still continued most POWERFUL WEAK!"

By the way, Mr. Courier, we would give you a friendly hint. When you BRAY at others, be careful how you show your EARS!

## GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

We have been presented with the May No. of this beautiful and popular Magazine, and we say, without hesitation, we think it one of the most interesting we have had the pleasure of perusing for months. It is embellished with a beautiful engraving entitled the "May Queen," and a "fashion plate" of the Parisian style, for May; these, together with an original piece of music, are fully worth the price of the Magazine. But we cannot stop here, for its literary merits, in light reading, are of the highest order.

It opens with a historical tale entitled "Lansdown" or "the field of gentle blood," by that prince of writers HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, Esq.—a tale which is worth perusing, and re-perusing; not only for its beautiful style, and the graphical manner in which it is wrought, but also for its historical accuracy.

"Sudden Death," a poem, from that sweet melodious poetess MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY, is one of the most touching effusions we ever read. Her harp seems always tuned with the music, and deep touching pathos of a heart alive to all the finer qualities of a noble, immortal mind—and her numbers gush forth, as enchanting to the ear, as the silvery voice of murmuring rills.

The remainder of its contents from the pens of such writers as the HON. J. K. PAULDING, MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, &c. &c.

will sufficiently guarantee its claims to a high rank, as a literary production.

For sale by JOHN FERRIS, Esq., Lawrenceburgh, Ind., and by ROBINSON & JONES, 109 Main st., Cincinnati.

## THE STREAM OF TIME.

By the politeness of our agent, JOHN C. PEARSE, Esq., we have been presented with a map bearing the above title, which we cannot too highly recommend to all classes.

It is from the German of Strass, and represents at a single glance, without reading, the rise, progress, and downfall of every empire or kingdom that ever has existed and the present condition of all civilized nations in existence. It contains the names of all the distinguished characters, known to history, in the order of time in which they existed; and also shows the progress of improvements in science and the arts. The Chart is so arranged that every name, or event mentioned, indicates its date, by the position it occupies; and an attentive inspection of one hour will impart, to any one, a better knowledge of history, ancient and modern, than can be acquired by the reading of weeks or months. It is beautiful and highly ornamental in its style and finish, and is accompanied by a book which enlarges upon the matter contained in the Chart, and is complete in reference to the history of our own country. The map and book together are sold at the low price of three dollars.

## THE WESTERN REPUBLICAN.

We have received the first number of a whig paper bearing the above title, published by R. F. BROWN, Lawrenceburgh, Ind., and edited by THEODORE GAZLAY, Esq. It makes a very respectable appearance, and contains besides its political news, a goodly number of selections of a varied and interesting nature.

## Variety.

## MOORE, THE POET.

A writer in the New York GAZETTE describing a meeting with several of Britain's gifted literati, draws the following picture of the gifted Tom Moore:

Moore is much younger than I expected to find him. I don't know his age, and if I did, I might not be disposed to name it here. I have never seen an engraved likeness of him, or any other representation that would have enabled me (as in the case of Wellington or Brougham) to pick him out of a crowd at first sight. He is a small sized, dapper handy, personage—a smiling, I would almost say, a laughing expression of countenance; with a funny eye, an Irish nose—a Milisian turn up—rather a retreating forehead, and, but for a peculiar line from the brow above the temple, and running back to the hair upon this part of his head, "the dome of thought and palace of the mind," one would be at a loss to trace phrenological indications of the genius which marks him as the first Lyric Poet of the age. But there he sat, cutting muffins, cracking jokes, and sipping tea—chatting and laughing, and apparently totally unconscious that his fingers had scratched on paper, lines and sentiments which had been read and sung, and will continue to be read and sung, in all quarters of the world, so long as language and sentiment, and thought, and feeling, and music contribute to human happiness and social enjoyment. As I sat next him, I looked at him—I listened to him—I watched the very twinkling of his eye—the tone of his voice, and the motions of his WRITING FINGERS; and I sometimes found myself perplexed and confused in the mingled feelings of doubt and surprise, that from this little budget of unassuming humanity, flowed that stream of beautiful conception, thought and feeling, which finds its way to all hearts in all climes—from the Canadian Boat Song on the St. Lawrence to the Vale of Cashmere.

INNOCENCE.—Cheerfulness beams in her eyes. Her smile is like a spring morning. On her high brow are enthroned spiritual peace and repose. Unfading roses and lilies bloom on her cheeks. Her stature is like the upright stem of the slender Narcisse. Rognish zephyrs, encircling themselves about her, blow her light white garment, and play with her flowing tresses. Crowned by the flowers of the graces, she wanders sportively over the earth, which is blessed by her presence; storms and darkness flee from her; poisonous snakes dare not molest her; stinging plants become soft under her feet; heavenly grace diffuses itself about her in sun-beams.



## Selected.

## THE MERCANT'S SON.

BY A. J. HERZ.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE WAGER.

The moon was low in the western heavens; it lingered above the horizon as if unwilling to depart, shedding its soft silvery light upon the face of the earth, bathing every object in a flood of radiance, that even shamed the glow-worm's sparkle. The huge clouds that just showed their heads above the horizon were tinged with a bright vermillion color; and the streak that appeared in the east, gave token that the day was fast approaching. The moon descending from her lofty station, softly and silently she entered her bed. The earth after her departure, was in comparative darkness; yet not so dark but that two persons, walking slowly along, could be distinctly perceived.

"Ha! ha!" laughed one, as he staggered along. "I put you under the table. Why, you can't stand two bottles."

"Yes, but I drank more than you."

"Why, you see I am as sober as a judge," as he said this, he reeled against the lamp-post with such force, that he rebounded back, and fell heavily at the feet of his companion.

"As sober as a judge. Ha, ha!"

"Come, Frank, don't be standing there, laughing at me; give me a lift, you grinning—never mind what—just give me a lift."

"Well, get hold of my coat-tail."

He seized it with the grasp of a dying man, and after many attempts, he at last arose much sobered by the fall. They walked on to a corner, where each seized a tree box, and hugged it as if it was his particular friend.

"I say, Ned, how are we off for the chink?" asked Frank.

"Out—entirely out," replied Ned.

"How is papa, is he dry?"

"He says I am extravagant. Ha, ha! what an idea."

"And when must our bills be paid?"

"Let me see, to-day is the tenth. Next Tuesday one bill of three thousand must be paid. Then, there's Old Grann's of the oyster cellar. He swears he'll make us pay his bill before the twelfth, or he'll see whether there is a law in the country. So what's to be done?"

"Why, we'll have to pay him, or else be exposed."

"Yes, but how can we pay him? Your father, you say, is dry; so what's to be done?—I have it,—the Jew, the Jew's the man."

"He'll not take my note on—"

"Yes, yes, he will—come on, we'll try him." Thus saying, they linked arms and took their direction towards an obscure quarter of the city. The street they entered was lined on both sides with shops of every description. They went into one of the meanest looking, and were soon lost to view. The room they entered was small and dark, filled with wares of various kinds. Behind a small desk was seated a very thin man; a pair of small, grey, deep sunk eyes, peered upon the comers, from beneath long shaggy eye-brows, with a cold malicious leer. The rigid expression of his countenance relaxed into a kind of grin, as he saw them, linked arm in arm, and staggering along, enter his mean and dirty room.

"Ah, my old Israelite," cried Ned. The Jew did not encourage the familiarity of speech, for his face almost immediately resumed its rigid and cold expression.

"Rather late to pay you a visit. But I have business of importance to attend to, so I have to choose this time," continued Ned, in a less bold tone.

"The time is good, the time is good," replied the Jew.

"How much have you got to spare?" asked Ned.

"Spare what?"

"Why, money, to be sure; what else, you old—"

"None, none; I ain't got a penny to my name," replied the Jew, in an irritated tone.

"Why, you lying old cheat. Now here's my watch, worth a hundred and fifty dollars; I'll give it to you for fifty."

"Let's look at it," said the Jew, reaching out his long, bony hand for it. "Not broke—good is it?"

"There's not a better one in the city."

"Well, I'll give you that."

"No, no, not so fast," said Ned, as he saw the Jew depositing it in a drawer. "Hand it here, if you please." The Jew handed him the watch, which he coolly placed in his fob.—"You can have it for an hundred and twenty-five, and nothing

less. I only done that to see whether you really had any money; I knew you lied."

"An hundred and twenty-five dollars!" cried the Jew throwing his hands into the air, and shaking his head. "No, no, it is too much—too much."

"Then, will you loan me that amount?"

"Can't do it."

"Then I'll give you a good night," he said, as he drew the arm of Frank closer to within his, and left the house. They walked a few yards in silence, when Ned said:

"We must have the money."

"That's true, but how are we to get it?" asked Frank.

"Let me think. All our things are pawned, our credit is gone, and the bank, that is the old man, refuses to hand more over. Now then, what's to be done?"

"That's the question. What's to be done?"

"It's the only way. It must be done, however great the risk may be," said Ned. "Come now—I'll bet an oyster supper that to-morrow at this time, I'll have ten thousand dollars in cash."

"Ten thousand dollars!" cried Frank, starting back. "But how will you get it? Tell me how you you'll get it?"

"Never mind, so I get it, that's all. Will you bet?"

"That to-morrow at this time you'll have ten thousand dollars?"

"Yes, or perhaps earlier."

"Done! I'll bet. There's my hand."

## CHAPTER II.

## THE FORGERY.

THE sun had performed half of its course, when Edward Nelson walked, with a hurried and agitated manner to the bank. His face was pale, and wore an expression of intense anxiety; his eyes blood-shot and restless, wandering from one object to another, and resting upon none for a second. Arriving at the bank, he stood at the large and massive door as if uncertain how to act; his legs trembled beneath him and seemed unwilling to perform their duty. Looking eagerly up and down the street a minute, he hurriedly took a check from his pocket, and boldly entered the bank. He handed it to the teller.

"Ah, Mr. Nelson," said the teller, receiving the check and glancing over it, "ten thousand is a large amount for Mr. Nelson. No difficulty I hope, sir."

"None at all, sir. Father merely wishes to accommodate a friend," said Ned, smiling graciously.

"You shall receive it in a moment, sir." He moved towards an opposite part of the room. In a minute's time he returned with the required sum. Ned received it eagerly, and hurried from the bank. As he gained the street, he drew a long sigh, as if relieved from some weight, for his face brightened and his step was more elastic. He directed his course towards the eastern part of the city. After treading many streets, he entered a large building, and immediately repaired to the counting-room, where Frank was sitting with his legs upon a table, quietly smoking a cigar.

"Ah, Ned, my old boy," cried Frank, grasping the proffered hand of Ned, and shaking it with all the warmth of a friend.

"Well, you see," said Ned, as he seated himself, "I've got that which we bet on," showing the money.

"What! ten thousand, do you say?"

"Ten thousand, my boy. You'll admit I won the wager."

"Yes, yes. But—but how did you get it?"

"That's a secret locked in my own bosom," replied Ned, striking his breast.

"Oh, if it is the old way—why its nothing."

"This is worse than relieving the chest of its money."

"Worse—why, what do you mean?"

"If you swear you'll never reveal what I disclose, by word or sign—why I'll let you into the secret."

"I'll give you my word of honor,"

"Poh, poh—your word of honor, that for it," he cried snapping his fingers. "No, no, swear, swear."

"Well, then, I swear."

"Not that kind of swearing; where's the Bible?"

"Here, here it is," said Frank, placing a Bible in his hand.

"Now, swear you'll never disclose what I'll reveal."

"I swear," he cried, kissing the Bible.

"Well, now you must know, that this money was got by imitating very closely my father's hand"

"By forgery?"

"Ay, by forgery."

"Then you are a cursed fool, let me tell you."

"Well, well, there's no use of this preaching. The thing is

done and can't be undone. Now I'll give you one half, and we'll leave together in about a week, or, if necessary, sooner. After this is gone we can get at something else."

"Agreed, agreed?"

"Now, as this thing is settled, we'll get a drink—come."—Thus saying they linked arms and moved off towards the tavern.

"He, he, massa Frank better make de door fast when got any ting to talk 'bout," cried a tall, gaunt negro, as he rose from behind a box where he had concealed himself, and overheard the above conversation. "Guess me makes 'bout tousean' dollars out dis job," he continued, rubbing his hands, as a man is wont to do when pleased with himself. "I ax a tousean' for keeping dark; if he does'n't give it, why I 'forms on him, dat's all. He, he," As he thus gave vent to his thoughts, he commenced arranging some things in the counting room. After every thing was fixed to his entire satisfaction, he coolly seated himself by a high desk. Frank had been gone about an hour, when the negro heard his steps in the store; he did not change his position, but threw his legs on the desk and began puffing a cigar most violently. Frank stared at him, as if not believing his own eyes.

"He, he, massa Frank dis is a high state for a nigger."

"Get off the chair, you imp," roared Frank, in a rage.

"Just when I please, massa Frank."

"Why, you insolent dog," cried Frank, seizing him by the collar and flinging him off.

"I guess I knows a secret," said the negro in a mysterious tone of voice.

"What is it Sam?" said Frank; the thought instantly flashing across his mind that he might have heard the conversation.

"Why it's forgery," replied Sam emphatically. "I'll tell less I get a tousean'."

"Hush, for heaven's sake. You shall have the thousand, but don't say a word about this matter on your life. 'Here,' he said, placing the money on Sam's hand, who seized it with a horrible grip. "Say nothing about this, and before evening, you shall have another thousand."

"Yes, massa Frank, mum' de word."

"Now to warn Ned of this danger and prepare for flight, muttered Frank, as he walked to Ned's.

"Ned, every thing is discovered," whispered Frank.

"Good Heaven's! How?"—cried Ned, starting back.

"Why, Sam, our porter overheard you."

"Then, what's to be done?"

"He says he'll not say anything, if you'll give him a thousand."

"Give him two for heaven's sake."

"But the fellow might reveal all. He's not to be trusted."

"Then we had better quit the city. Get ready, and we'll be off to New York."

"Very well," and they parted to prepare for flight.

"Tousean' in pocket, and former chance of 'nother tousean'." And massa Frank flings me cross he room; 'forms on him for dat. Now me go to de bank, and old fader, and make known his dark secret, and have de villains 'rested. It's a 'grace to de community to 'low such rascals to be at large. I'm a citizen of de State, and it's my duty to have 'em 'rested, so I must do it, however great it goes 'gainst my feelings. Now for it." Thus soliloquizing, Sam walked towards the bank.

## CHAPTER III.

## "THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD."

In the course of a few minutes' time, Sam arrived at the bank; and, after he had adjusted his collar to his satisfaction and arranged his hair, entered with a shuffling noise and a loud hem, that made all look enquiringly at him.

"I wants to see de President of de bank," he cried in a loud voice.

"Well sir, what's your will?" asked the teller.

"Is you him?"

"No, I'm not him," answered the teller with a smile.

"I'm the president of the bank; what's your wish, sir?" said a tall commanding person, leaning over the counter.

"I's got 'ticular business vid him."

"Step this way, my friend," said the President, struck with Sam's confident tone. Sam followed him, and entered a small room.

"Now, Mr., what do you wish?" asked the President.

"I wish for nothing," replied Sam bluntly.

"Then, what did you come here for?"

"To tell you some 'ting dat consarns de bank very much."

"Well, what is it?" asked the president, wondering what he had to communicate.



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE BURGLARY.

During the rapid flight of two years, it often happens that nothing worthy of record occurs in a person's life, and he is often lost sight of entirely in that time; then, again, it is very often that a person, even to his actions, can be traced for the space of three times that number of years. Not so however, with the Merchant's son, Ned. After his flight from his parental roof, he was lost; his father never heard from him; his name was never mentioned. The crime he had committed was almost forgotten—thanks to the promptitude of Mr. Nelson, who, by liquidating the debt, had prevented his son's guilt from being made public. The flight of ten years is rapid; not a word was heard of Ned; his existence was doubtful; his father despaired of ever seeing his guilty son again.

The day was dull and saturnine, and the falling of an incessant rain, with a sharp, piercing, wind from the north-west, chilled to the very bone the wayfarer. The night set in cold and starless; the black and heavy clouds that covered the sky, seemed to be surcharged with water, and only waited a fit opportunity to discharge it. The ground was slippery, the rain freezing as it fell, making a dull, faint noise, as two figures walked towards a principal street. They were accoutred in the height of the ton; a red, dashing vest, with a short jockey coat and plain pantaloons; ruffle shirts and blue cravats, tight boots, fingers heavily loaded with rings, and a small sword cane constituted their outward appearance. They sauntered lazily along, looking carelessly at the numerous buildings they passed.

"Well, Ned, how long is it since we made our exit, from this good city?" observed one, in a cacinatory tone.

"How long? why, ten years."

"So long? How rapidly time passes with such jolly fellows as we. Why I hardly noticed the time. Now, if I'd remained here it would have seemed an age."

"Quite to the contrary with me. Had I remained at home, I would have escaped much remorse. I—"

"By the by, Ned, I wonder where the old gentleman keeps himself?" interrupted Frank.

"He failed in paying the debt, and now resides in an old house somewhere down here. If we happen to be pressed in this adventure, we can make for that old rickety house in which he lives."

"Capital, capital. We are near the mansion which we are to plunder to-night, are we not?"

"There, that's the place," replied Ned, pointing to a large house that loomed darkly in the distance.

"Well, it is near the time—it is one;" and as he spoke the old State House bell tolled one.

"Only wait, now, till the watch has passed. Don't be in a hurry—take every thing coolly; for if you make the least noise all will be discovered. By heavens, here's some luck—the alley door is open; half the work is completed; enter quietly." They entered a dark and narrow alley, carefully closing the door after them.

"Now give me your hand. Be careful not to fall on the stairs at the termination of this alley. Hold this lamp." Uttering these disjointed sentences, they traversed the alley. Frank, with a dark lantern in his hand, and grouping his way cautiously, while Ned was endeavoring to get some implements from his pocket, and speaking in a whisper, said:

"Here we are. Now mount the stairs, and creep noiselessly toward the window, which you will find on a level with the porch, and see whether the shutter is fastened or not. Quick now, quick."

"The shutters are open, but the sash of the window is down and immovable," whispered Frank, as he returned.

"All's well, then; we'll soon have a glass out."

Thus saying, they commenced removing a pane of glass, by inserting an instrument that cut the putty loose; the glass was now held secure in its position by a few pieces of tin which he removed with a pair of pincers, and he now beheld a cavity sufficiently large to admit an ordinary man.

The builders of houses, who put large glass in them, are not aware that they are facilitating the robber's entrance.

"There, all is ready," said Ned, as he laid the glass down. Now creep in, Frank, and go directly toward the sideboard, on which you will find the plate." Frank entered, and crept so silently that Ned was uncertain whether he had moved; in about ten minutes' time he returned, whispering: "There is a man asleep in the room."

"Then we are done for. But hold, we can gag and tie him hand and foot—come on." They entered the apartment and trod noiselessly over the soft carpet toward a sofa, on which reclined a colored man, unconscious of what was going on around him.

"Good God!" whispered Ned, starting back, while every feature was convulsed with horror—"this is Sam!"

"Sam!" answered Frank, in a husky voice, his brow becoming dark, then we'll make him sleep sounder than ever."

"No, no, none of that," said Ned, as he perceived Frank take a bowie knife from his bosom. "Wait till this is finished."

"Well—hold his hands while I gag him."

The arms of the sleeping negro were seized and pressed behind him with the strength of a vice, and tied with a strong cord; and ere he was aware of his situation, his mouth was gagged, and he lay there helpless.

"Now, quick with the plate," cried Ned.

"I can't tell where the sideboard is."

"Spring the lamp, then." Almost before the words were uttered, Frank sprung his lamp, which emitted a strong light, as it reflected from the glittering plate.

Sam shuddered as he saw who his captors were, his base treachery instantly flashed across his mind; and he expected death.

"One piece more, and we have all. That's it—now come on."

"Mind, it's som'ting very 'tickler, and I wants some dollars for my honesty—for you see dey wanted to buy me, so I'd keep dark."

"Is it relating to the bank?" asked the President, eagerly.

"Guess 'tis."

"You shall have for your information, some reward. Let me hear it."

"Well, den, all I's got to tell you, is, dat a forgery to de 'mount of ten thousan' dollars, was 'mitted on dis bank."

"How do you know this, sir?" asked the President, sternly, a shade passing over his brow, and looking Sam in the face.

"Why, I heard de man wot done it say so."

"Who was he?"

"Massa Nelson."

"This is strange," he muttered, ringing a bell. "It cannot be true."

"What is it, sir?" said the teller, entering the room in a flurry on account of the unusually violent ring which had summoned him.

"The check of Mr. Nelson, if you please."

"There it is, sir—received an hour ago."

"This is a forgery, sir," replied the President, after he had examined it.

"Impossible; Mr. Nelson presented it himself."

"Edward Nelson, but not Charles."

"Yes, sir, Edward."

"It's a forgery, though! Haste to Mr. Nelson, and settle the matter."

"He, he," chuckled Sam, delighted to think that Ned would catch it, as he expressed it.

"Well, sir, you expect a reward?"

"Yes, massa," replied Sam, grinning.

"You have imparted some valuable information, and consequently expect a large reward."

"Dis what you please sir."

"Do you think an hundred sufficient?"

"Hundred dollars for dis val'ble 'formation!" cried Sam, jumping from his chair, and curling his lips.

"Why, do you think that sum too small?"

"To be sure I does."

"Then we'll say two hundred, and nothing more. There is the amount," said he, handing the money to Sam, who received it with dissatisfaction.

"Dis's de last time I 'part val'ble 'formation agin," he cried, as he slapped his hat on indignantly, and left the bank.

The Teller walked towards Mr. Nelson's house with a quick pace. Ringing the bell with a jerk, his call was answered in person.

"Ah, Mr. Paine," exclaimed Mr. Nelson, as he saw who the visitor was. "Walk in, sir. Has any thing transpired, that you wear such an anxious face?"

"Something that is very extraordinary."

"Indeed! proceed, proceed, sir."

"I almost fear to make known my object. I wish sir, to know whether this is a forgery or not."

"It is, sir; I never placed my name on that paper," he replied.

"Do you pronounce this a forgery?" asked the teller, placing his finger on the name.

"I do."

"Then, sir, I am under the disagreeable necessity of informing you that your son presented the check."

"My son!" exclaimed Mr. Nelson, his eyes becoming glassy, his face as pale as death. His arm trembled like a leaf as he held by the Teller, and looked upon him with his strange and wild eyes. "My son! ha! ha! ray son commit forgery! ha! ha!" he laughed hysterically, and fell senseless at the feet of the Teller.

"Ho, servants! bring water—take your master to his bed! Do you hear?" said he to the terrified servants, who stood around the insensible man.

The Teller paced the apartment with sorrow legibly stamped upon his brow; a tear moistened his eyes, as he saw the sorrow he had conveyed, and the trouble and, perhaps, the ruin a worthless son had brought upon his father. He was just preparing to leave, when the door opened and displayed to his astonished eyes the form of Mr. Nelson. The bright and healthful appearance, the firm tread and noble look had fled. The withering time of eighty years, it seemed, had passed over him in the space of a few minutes. He tottered up to Mr. Paine, grasped his hand, and looked upon him with his deep sunken eyes, and asked him in a feeble voice:

"Did you say my son had committed forgery?"

"Alas, it seems too true, sir," said Mr. Paine, in a sorrowful voice.

"Bid Edward come here," he said, turning to a servant.

"We'll boldly charge him with forgery, and—"

"Master Edward can't be found, sir," said the servant.

"No where to be found? Then it must be so. He has fled to avoid punishment. Say no more about this mournful occurrence, dear sir. It shall be paid to-morrow. My property must go to cancel the debt."

"It shall be as you wish, sir," said Mr. Paine taking his hat and moving towards the door. Mr. Nelson sank in a chair and wept like a child.

"I can't lift this!" cried Frank, as he endeavored to raise the plate to his shoulders. "We shall both have to get at it."—And seizing the end of a bag they tried to lift it; but it fell with a sharp, rattling noise that sounded through the house like a drum.

"Hark! what's that?" exclaimed Frank, as the sound as if a door was violently opened caught his ear. "Quick, or all is lost. Curses on that treacherous darkey."

"Ho! thieves! robbers!" cried Sam, as by a desperate and dernier effort he released himself.

"Curses on him! make your escape, Frank. Leave the plate." "Not till that dog is silenced! Take that, you blasted hound!" whispered Frank through his clenched teeth, aiming a desperate blow with his knife at the bare breast of Sam. Sam guarded his breast effectually, and received the glittering knife in his arm. At this instant, the sound of feet traversing the passage could be distinctly heard. In a second the door was burst open, and displayed to the robbers two armed men.—Frank sprang madly toward the window; at the same time the reports of the pistols rang through the house, and Frank rolled back at the feet of Sam, a corpse.

"Take care of him—I'll after de toder," cried Sam, as he sprang through the window after Ned.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE ARREST.

Away, away they flew with the speed of lightning—one panting for revenge, the other hastening forward for the love of liberty. Ned heard the heavy tramp of Sam as he rushed after him; his warm breath he imagined he felt upon his cheek; on he flew with the wind. On—on. Ned's father's house hove in sight; he leaped forward with amazing velocity, forced the door, and fell insensible. His aged father aroused, arose, and seeing a man, called out:

"Who are you, my friend? What, faintest! Water will bring you to. There, that's it," he exclaimed as Ned arose.

"Where am I?" asked Ned, staring wildly around him.

"My son! my son!" shrieked Mr. Nelson, as he fell upon his son's neck. "My prayer is granted—I can die happy."

"Father! father!" murmured Ned, weeping, "your forgiveness."

"Granted, my son. This is the happiest day of my existence. All the sorrow, all the trouble I ever experienced is repaid in this moment of felicity. Come, my son, kneel and return Him thanks for his blessings!"

In the midst of their devotions, they were startled by a loud and continued knocking.

"Hark! what's that," said Mr. Nelson.

"I'm pursued father."

"By whom—by whom?"

"By—by—but no matter; hide me—hide me."

"I will—I will! Here—in; quick now, quick."

As he spoke he pressed his hand, and revealed a large, spacious apartment.

"Now, secure it—I'm safe!" cried Ned, as he sprang into the dark cavity.

"Who knocks?" asked Mr. Nelson, as he went to the door.

"Officers," replied a voice.

"What do you wish?"

"A man who has entered this house."

"A man enter this house! You must be wrong, officer."

"I tell ye I'm not wrong, for he was seen to enter."

"Yes I seed him," cried Sam, stepping in front of the officer.

"You are at liberty to search the house."

"Well, come on, Toby," cried one of the officers, as they entered and commenced their examination. Every apartment, every nook and every corner was searched, yet still they did not discover Ned.

"Damn my buttons, if I don't believe he has escaped," exclaimed the officer as he returned. "Coz, every tarned thing is searched."

"Look here, Toby, have you never heard of secret places in old houses," said one of the officers in a whisper.

"To be sure—I have that. I wonder whether there ain't such a hole in this house. Look here, daddy, isn't there a hole in this house?" he said, turning toward Mr. Nelson, who had listened breathlessly to the conversation.

"You talk like a fool, Toby. Do you think he would tell if there was," cried Mat.

"Well, then, let's sound the walls. He's in this house, just look how he trembles."

As he said this he pointed to Mr. Nelson, who stood trembling on the opposite part of the room. The walls they instantly commenced sounding.

"This sounds hollow-like," cried Mat, as he struck against Ned's retreat. "Let's see if we can't find the spring," he added as he rubbed his hand on the wall. "Hand a crow-bar here; I'll soon have this wall open. Now," he cried as he raised the bar high above his head, and brought it with tremendous force against the wall. He happened to strike the stone that revolved on a pivot, and immediately it turned, and revealed Ned standing erect, with a stern determination impressed upon his brow.

"Ah!" cried the officer, as he caught Ned in his strong arm.

"On with the bracelets," he added, as he pressed Ned down.

"Now, my young fellow, run if you can."

Ned arose with his limbs encumbered with chains, while burning tears coursed down his cheeks.

"Oh, my God! that I should live to see this!" cried Mr. Nelson.

"Come, come, off with him!" said the officer.

"God bless you, my son! God bless you!"

"Oh, pardon! pardon!" shrieked Ned, as he raised his mangled arms and struck his brow.

He was hurried from the room and thrown into prison. His trial came on, and in a crowded Court-room he was sentenced to prison for five years. His father did not survive the blow, but died in an hour after he was made acquainted with his son's fate.



## News Items.

### FIVE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival of the extraordinary express, the mysterious pilot Boat Romer, we have Liverpool dates up to the 12th, and London to the 11th ult. We make a few extracts from the Baltimore Sun:

Cotton had improved one eighth of a penny, owing to the advices from the U. States, and a short supply of Wheat was from one to two penny a bushel higher. Flour was a shilling better, and a large demand.

The attention of Parliament has not been formally directed to the state of the Oregon relations. The despatches sent over by our Express boat Romer, had been laid before the ministry, but no time elapsed to show their effect.

Parliament is engaged in a Coercive Bill for Ireland. The Liverpool Courier of the 11th says the state of that country justifies any effort for its amelioration, but thinks the Earl St. Germain's will be a dead letter.

In Ireland there had been a fatal collision with the military. Blood has been shed in Mayo. The election for a representative, to supply the place of Mr. Mark Blake, commenced on Monday, and on Tuesday a party of the 8th Hussars were escorting a number of freeholders of Moore to the hustings, when, at a mile from Castlebar, a number of the peasantry, from behind a wall, pelted them with stones, for the purpose of rescuing the freeholders.

Mr. Cruise, the stipendiary magistrate, ordered the military to fire, when a woman, leaving a family of five children, a fine young man, thirty years of age, and another man, were shot dead, and three mortally wounded.

A letter in Dublin, dated Castlebar, March 4, states the number of killed to be three, and of wounded, 100. The military force consisted of parties of the 30th and 32d regiments.

### REVOLUTION IN POLAND.

A letter from Silesia, dated the 26th ult., in the Universal German Gazette, says:

"The Austrian General was preparing to leave Cracow with his troops, when considerable bands of armed insurgents assailed the soldiers with such sudden impetuosity that they were, after having several killed, and others wounded, obliged to evacuate the place with the utmost precipitation. As soon as the troops had passed the Vistula, the bridge between Cracow and Podogreze was destroyed, and the communication with Galicia is cut off.

There has been established at Cracow a provisional government, which has at its command between 9,000 and 10,000 armed men, part of them peasants with their scythes. The number of the insurgents increase daily.

The opposition journals of Paris have already opened in aid of the Polish cause. The CONSTITUTIONNEL announces that after the Cabinet Council held on Friday, at the Tuilleries, couriers were despatched to all the capitals of the north and east of Europe.

### CHOLERA IN PERSIA.

Letters from Persia announce that the cholera is making frightful ravages in the interior of Asia. This scourge, which has traveled through Cabool, has already penetrated nearly as far as Teheran.

### IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

Dates from Galveston, Texas, up to the 4th inst., were received in New Orleans on the evening of the 7th; by which we learn that the Hon. John Slidell, Envoy Extraordinary to Mexico, had arrived in that city. Mr. S. left Vera Cruz on the 30th of March, on board the U. S. steam ship Mississippi.

The cause which has compelled Mr. Slidell to return, has been the refusal of the Mexican government to receive him as Envoy Extraordinary of the United States, the Mexican authorities consenting only to receive Mr. S. as special Envoy to treat upon matters concerning Texas. Our relations with Mexico are now at an end.

Mr. Slidell will remain in New Orleans at the disposal of the Government.

Whether there will be a fight or not, is very doubtful;—though, from what we can learn, a war with the United States would be very popular in Mexico.

The army of occupation, under General Taylor, it seems, have been marching in among them, and though there has been considerable blustering, threatening, burning of houses and running, on the part of the Mexicans, nothing of a serious nature has, as yet, taken place.

### TWO DAYS LATER.

By two days later news we learn that upon the arrival of Gen. Taylor's army of occupation in front of Matamoras, the Mexican forces were drawn out on the opposite bank of the river, making a great display of martial music, with trumpets, bugles, &c., which mode of salutation was duly reciprocated, in kind, by a similar sounding of trumpets and drums in the American lines. Thus ended the first day's encounter between the two armies on the opposite banks of the Rio Grande, and within two or three hundred yards of each other. On the next morning, 29th, the American troops discovered the Mexican artillery of eighteen pounders, lining the opposite bank, and pointing directly into their camp, whereupon the American army moved their encampment four miles below. This step was doubtless taken by Gen. Taylor in order to avoid every appearance of any disposition to commit aggressions upon the west bank of the river, and to maintain strictly the defensive character of his operations. The most reliable statements represent the regular army in Matamoras to consist of 2,000 soldiers and 500 rancheros. The Mexican citizens of the Rio Grande are said to be quite disaffected towards their own Government, and secretly friendly to the American cause.

Paredes has made a proclamation, wherein he states that the dignity of the nation, the march of an American army on the Rio Grande, where the head quarters of the Mexican troops are situated, the threatening appearance of the fleets of our nation in both oceans, and all the antecedents, well known to the civilized world, had compelled him to reject the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States.

He thinks that a war would be a great evil, but that the loss of Texas, without attempting to vindicate their honor, would be a greaser. He also states that Mexico never has committed, nor will she commit a single aggression against the people or government of the United States of America; but if an attack should be made, it will be repelled to the fullest extent of their power, and with all the energy of character, because resistance is nothing more than the right of self preservation.

### B A B E.

Mr. Fallon, keeper of the New York prison, left for Washington, lately, with a petition to President Polk on behalf of David Babe, the Pirate, who is under sentence of death, and whose time of respite will expire on the 5th day of June next.

The Indian population of the States and Territories of the United States, including Oregon, is estimated at 350,000 souls.

## Spicings.

A young Frenchman who had not learned to manage the English language, went to dine with a gentleman, to whom he brought a letter of introduction. The first spoon-full of soup burnt his mouth. "Ma foi!" exclaimed he, "in dis soup is too much SUMMER!" The next day he wished to order a chicken for his dinner, but could not recollect the name. In his perplexity he turned toward the window, and his eye caught sight of a weather-cock on a church. "Vat you call dat?" exclaimed he, pointing. "That is a church tower," answered the master of the hotel. "Den I wish you have de kindness to roast VON CHURCH TOWER for my dinner."

An Irish horse-dealer sold a fine blood mare, warranting her sound, wind and limb, and without fault. The purchaser, on her being sent home, found upon examination, that the sight of one of her eyes was quite gone. Upon this he waited upon the dealer, and desired that she might be taken back and the purchase money returned,—reminding the seller that he declared the mare to be without fault. "To be sure I did my dear" replied Paddy; "faix, BLINDNESS isn't the poor creature's FAULT, its her misfortune."

A Western editor gives the following as the most approved mode of killing fleas in those parts:—place the animal on a smooth board and hedge him in with putty; then READ him an account of all the railroad and steamboat accidents which have happened in the last twelve months. As soon as he becomes so frightened as not to be able to stir, draw out his teeth, and HE WILL STARVE TO DEATH.

A man down East has invented a machine to renovate old bachelors. Out of a good sized, fat, greasy old bachelor, he can make quite a decent young man, and have enough left to make two small puppies, a pair of leather breeches, and a small kettle of soft soap—besides other "chicken fixings."

A physician, passing by a stone-mason's, bawled out to him, "Good morning, Mr. W——: hard at work, I see: you finish your gravestones as far as 'in memory of,' and then you wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?" "Why yes," replied the old man, resting for a moment on his mallet, "unless somebody is sick and you are doctoring him, and then I keep right on!"

"Don't you remember, my love, said Mr. P——, an uxorious husband, the other day to his wife, "when, before we were married, we used to go down to the Swan, at Waltham Cross—how we enjoyed our ducks and peas?"—"Oh yes, my dear," replied the wife, "then I was your DUCK, and you were my GREEN PEA."

Believe nothing against another, but upon good authority; nor repeat what may hurt another, unless it be a greater injury to others to conceal it.

When you hear a rumor which begins with "they say" put it down as two-thirds FALSE; and the balance barely possible.

Learning is obtained only by labor. It cannot be bought with money; otherwise the rich would be uniformly intelligent.

We have heard of an Editor who writes his editorials with stolen chalk ON THE SOLE OF HIS BOOT. He goes barefoot while the boys set up his manuscript.

There is said to be an old maid "down east" who makes apple-pies without peeling the apples. She thinks it the height of indelicacy to take off their clothing.

"Well my lad that is rather small corn you are hoeing," remarked a stranger to a youth whom he saw in the field.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, while he continued his labor, "we planted small corn."

"But it looks rather yellow."

"Yes, sir, we planted the yellow kind," returned the boy, scratching away at the hard and strong soil.

"But I do not believe you will have more than half a crop," continued the traveller.

"No, sir, we planted upon shares," halloed the boy as the stranger rode on.

"Where is your Father?" said an angry master to the son of his habitually tipping domestic. "He is down stairs, sir." "Getting drunk, I suppose?" "No, sir, he aint." What then?" "Getting sober, sir."

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